

A Choice COLLECTION

9th Mo F 1688

Wonderful Miracles, Ghosts, and Visions.

Being a Collection of small Libellons ye Duke of Monmouth.

Crookhorn January, 1. 1681:

The following account of an extraordinary Cure of the Kings Evil is sent from Crookhorn in the County of Somerset, attested by Henry Clark Minister of the said Parish, Captain James Bale, Captain Richard Shirlock, John Stacky Clerk, William Pike, Samuel Daubeny, George Strong, John Greenway, Robert Chislet.

A True Account of a Wonderful Cure of the Kings-Evil, perform'd by Mrs. Fawcett Sister to his Grace the Duke of MONMOUTH.

9th Mo 1688

WE whose Names are under-written, do certify the Truth of a Miraculous Cure of a Girl of this Town about 20 years of Age by Name Elizabeth Parcer, a poor Widows Daughter, who had languished under the sad afflicting Distemper of the Kings Evil, termed the Joint Evil, (being said to be the worst Evil,) for about 10 or 11 years time; She had in her right hand four running sores; (viz.) one on the inside, and three on the back of her hand; and two more in the same arm, one in her hand, wrist, the other above her Elbow. She had betwixt her Arm-pit and Breast a Bunch, which the Doctors said sad those 6 several sores; The said Distemper was likewise on her left Eye, inasmuch that she was almost blind; Her Mother despairing of her sight, and not being able to send her to London, to be touch'd by the King, being miserably poor, and having many small Children; and this Girl not being able to work; Her Mother (desirous to have her Daughter cur'd,) went to the Chirurgens for help, who tamper'd with it for a time, but could do no good, went likewise 10 or 11 miles to a French Son, but all in vain; no visible hopes of a Cure remain'd, and nothing was expected but a Grave.

But now, in this Girls extremity, God, the great Physician, dictates unto her (thus, languishing in her miserable, hopeless condition,) what course to take, and what to do for a Cure; which was to go and touch the Duke of Monmouth; which the Girl told her Mother, that if she could but touch the Duke, she should be well. Her Mother reprovd her for her foolish conceits; but the Girl did often persuade her Mother that she might go to Lackington to the D. (who then lay at Mr. Spoken.) For certainly (said she,) I should be well if I could but touch him. Her Mother lighted the pressing Requests of her Daughter; and the more her Mother lighted it, and reprovd her, the more earnest was the Girl for it; in few days after, the Girl having notice that Sir Jos. Stedham intended to visit the D. at White Lodge in Hentou Park; to which place, this Girl, with many of her Neighbours went to the said Park; she being there timely, waited the Dukes coming. First, (he observed the Person of the D. to have knowledge of him, as he was passing by; for press in amongst the crowd, and catch him by the hand, his Glove being on; and she had a Glove likewise to cover her very sores; She not being betwixt satisfied with this first attempt of touching the Glove only; but her mind was, she must touch some part of his naked flesh; She waiting his coming forth, intended a second attempt: The poor Girl, thus betwixt Hope and Fear, waited his Motion; and on a sudden was news brought of the Ds coming, which she (to be prepared,) rent off her Glove that was clung to the sores, in such haste, that she tore her Glove, and brought away not only the Sores, but the skin. The Dukes Glove, (as Providence order'd it,) the upper part hung down, so that his wrist was bare; she press on, and catch him by the bare Hand with her running Hand; saying, God bless Your Grace; and the D. said, God bless You. The Girl was not a little transported with her good success, came and told her Friends that now she should be well; She came home to her Mother with great Joy, and told her she had been touch'd by the Dukes bare Hand, and that she should now be well. Her Mother hearing what she had done, reprovd her very sharply for her boldness, and ask'd her how she durst do any such thing; and threaten'd to beat her for it; She cry'd out, O Mother, I shall be well again, and be cured of my Sores; And as God Almighty (the great Physician) would have it, (to the admiration of all that know or hear of it;) her six running Sores in her Hand and Arm, in four or five days were dried up; the Bunch in her Breast was dissolv'd in 8 or 10 days, of which now is no sign; Her Eye that was given for lost, is now perfectly well, and the Girl in good health; the Marks of her several Sores are yet visible in her Hand and Arm; which hath been discovered to us both by Mother, Daughter, and Neighbours that know her.

Whoever doubts the Truth of this Relation, may be satisfied thereof by the sight of the Original under the Hands of the Persons above-named at the American Coffee House in St. Bartholomew Lane, London; (which is the place where the

HE Extraordinary Cure of the Kings-Evil, lately perform'd by his Grace the D. of M. in his Western Progress, has (no doubt) alarm'd many People, and open'd the eyes of the most Unbelieving, to see Heaven by this Miracle proclaim his Legitimacy, and God Almighty declare for the Black Box. Neither has there been wanting a second Testimony to this illustrious Ds Family, in a Cure both as strange and as true as the former; that to according to the Apostle, Out of the mouth of Two or Three Witnesses every word might be established. Mrs. F. Sister to this most Excellent Prince, formerly a Roman Catholic, but since (by the convincing Arguments, and exemplary Piety of her Husband Mr. F. Master of the Requests,) brought over to his Religion, I mean the true sincere Protestant Faith, has been as remarkable in a wonderful Cure of the same malignant Distemper, as the D. her Brother; The truth of which whole matter of Fact, We whose Names are under-written engage our selves to be responsible for. Now the matter of Fact was thus; One Jonathan Trott was born of poor, but virtuous Parents; his Father was dead but his Mother that surviv'd, by the Blessing of God accompanying her honest Endeavours, had got together a sum of Money very considerable to the Trade she drove, her chief Vocation being selling of Apples, Pears, Oranges, and other Fruit, not far from Covent Garden Church Dore; the Intervals of which Calling she still employ'd in being very busie with her Needle in toozing Stockings, mending Breeches, and such like honest Labours. But her greatest affliction was, the sad sad spectacle of the poor wretch her only Son and Heir, (the aforementioned Jonathan Trott, who had for many years, been sore afflicted with a continual Running of a most noysome Matter in his Neck, and many other parts of his Body, accompanied often with so great Tumours and Swellings about his Throat, as almost choak'd him. Upon this Son of hers, (now about the Age of 19,) she had spent the greatest part of her Livelihood, to pitiful, Quacking, Ignorant Physicians such as her Purse could best procure, and such as kill the poor at the most easie and conscionable Rates. These her Doctors could never rightly inform her what was her sons true Distemper; till at last she herself (suspecting it was the Kings Evil,) had the Advice of some able Physicians, as Dr. Lower, Dr. Minshil, &c. who all agreed that it was the Kings Evil, and that he was in very great danger, unless he were very speedily touch'd. This happened to be when His Majesty was late at Windsor, whither she (good woman) was designing her Journey with her Son; But the night before she resolv'd on her Progress, she dreamt that she heard a Voice that commanded her Son to be Toucht by Mrs. F. The poor woman may imagine, was infinitely surpriz'd at this Command, never having so much as heard of such a Woman as Mrs. F. in her Life; But she was much more astonish'd when her Son came to her, and told her that he was resolv'd not to take his Journey to Windsor, for that he had heard a Voice that Night three times successively, [which by the Description he gave of it, was the very same that his Mother had heard, and commanded the same thing.] telling him, that one Touch of Mrs. F. would make him whole. Upon this the poor Woman acquainted several of her Neighbours with the unusual Circumstances of her Dream, so exactly concurring with her Sons; and by them was inform'd that there was such a Lady, Sister to His Grace the D. of M. whom they therefore all concluded to be the Person intended in the Dream, by reason of her near Relation to His Grace, and the Crown. The Youth Jonathan hearing this, was extreme glad, and shew'd violent signs of it, in urging and pressing his Mother as vigorously as ever he could, to procure her leave; who at first was very unwilling to let him go upon this Adventure. He still insisted upon one Argument which even in affliction made the poor Woman smile, That [having heard of the D. of Ms Cure, which was known long before it was Published.] He did not know why Mrs. F. might not receive from her Mother the Curing of the Ills of Young Men by a Touch of her Naked Flesh, as well as the D. her Brother had from his Father

the

the Curing of Young Women by a Touch of His. However, his Mother having check'd him for this saying, was resolv'd to send him: Accordingly he went to Mrs. *Faultham's* House near *St. James's*, and having desir'd admission, as soon as ever Mrs. F. appear'd, he falls down upon his Knees before her, begging Pardon for boldness, the occasion whereof he told her in the Relation which he made of all that had happen'd to his Mother and Himself: Then grasping her hands with all the Violence and Passion imaginable, kiss'd them a thousand times, and directed them (for the Lady was not so Uncharitable as to deny it upon any such good account,) to his Neck, and his Throat, and all the other parts of his Body wherein he was afflicted; which she vouchsafed to stroke, wishing withall, that it might do him as much good as he believ'd it would. This done, she left him, and the Youth went home very well satisfy'd with the Hopes of his being very speedily Cur'd, as accordingly it succeeded; For within Three or Four Days time, his Running ceased; And in a Weeks time, the Swelling in his Throat was not only abated, but Perfectly and Inviably Cured; And Mrs. F. by many of this Persons Neighbours and Acquaintance, (and most of the *Apple-women* about these Parts,) is to this day called *Princess F.*

Now it is well known, That this Gift of *Healing* was first imparted to King *Edward the Confessor*, a Good King, though a *Papish Saint*, to Descend upon his *Legitimate Successors*; And if none of them ever Exercised it before They came to the Crown till now, we must either say, that They had it; but forbore the Use of it; Or else we must admire the Excellency of the Advantages that *Protestant Princes*, and *Princesses* have above those formerly that were *Papists*; Since *Protestants*, though Two or Three Removes from the Crown, can do as much with a Touch, as *Edward the Confessor*, when He was not only a King, but a Saint. And now who is there that can Question the *Legitimacy* of our most Excellent Prince *J. D. of M.* when this Remarkable Witness that Heaven hath given Him and his Sister of Curing the Kings Evil, pleads so loudly in his behalf?

There is but One Other Natural Argument to prove the Legitimacy of this Prince, and his being the True and Right Successor; And that is the Instinct by which *Lions* are taught to Reverence, and to do them Homage; without ever hurt them; And This too I am told His Grace does designe to shew the World in his own behalf; For it is Credibly Reported, that on *Saturday* next the D. of M. designs to be shut up with one of the Greatest *Lions* in the Tower of London; There to be seen, to the great Satisfaction of all that behold how Secure He must needs be of his Legitimacy, that dares put it to so Dangerous a Tryal; Sir Th. Ar. and J. H. Esq; have proffered their Service to attend in the next empty Den, in Quality of Bed-chamber-men to his Grace; and the Earl of S. Earl of E. Lord G. and several other Noble Peers, have engag'd to Accompany Him to the Place of Tryal. For my part, I wish for the Day, not at all Doubting, but to see Old CHARLES, the Kings Lion, give him his Blessing, by laying his Imperial Paw upon his Head, in which all *Lions* have we know by Nature stamp'd the Image of a Crown. This I will answer for the Lion; That if he do, not Declare a True Successor, yet He will shew another sort of Royalty, and Remove one of the worst sorts of the Kings Evil.

The Persons above mentioned for Witnesses of this Extraordinary Cure, are We whose Names are subscribed.

By Lord Gerard, Col. Langley, Mr. Rowe,
Sir Gih. Gerard, Th. Vernon Esq; Mrs. Needham.

Advertisement.

His Grace to perform this Famous Tryal of Skill, with great Magnificence and Solemnity, order'd that his Militia, the Porters, Tankers, and Chimney-Sweepers and Broom-men of London, together with the Squires of the Body, commonly call'd the Black-guard, should be ready with the asor said Attendants to wait upon his Person to the place of Execution, follow'd with several Pageants and artificial Devices, curiously representing the Famous Adventures of ancient Heroes, particularly, Don Quixot's storming the Windmill for an Incharmed Castle. But before these extraordinary preparations could be compleated, the malicious *Papists* have spitefully possin'd all the *Lions* in the Tower, except the *Dukes*; whereupon his Grace is advis'd by his own Privy Council the Rabble, not to venture on that Lion, but rather try the good nature of the Leopard, who they say was certainly begot by a Lion, at his Grace by a Key and therefore cannot but favour such pretenders to Royalty, in hopes himself may at last become K. of the Beasts

A True and perfect Relation of a Strange and Wonderful Apparition which appear'd to Elizabeth FREEMAN, at Bishops-Hatfield in Hertfordshire, Jan. 27. 1688. Commanding her to declare a Message to His Majesty. As it was taken before Sir Joseph Jordan Knt, and Richard Lee Dr. of Divinity, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

She gives an Account.

I. That on Monday Night, being Jan. 24th. she sitting by her Mothers fire-side between 5 and Six of the Clock in the Evening, with a Child in her Lap, heard a Voice behind her, which mildly said, Sweet-heart: Whereupon she turned her Face back, saw an appearance of a Woman, as she conceived, all in White, covered with a white Vail, so that she saw no Face, but a very white Hand was laid on the back of her Chair, and said to her, The 15th. day of May it is appointed for the ROYAL BLOOD to be Poisoned; and further said, Be not afraid, for I am sent to tell thee: And so vanished.

II. That on Tuesday, Jan. the 25th. between the hours of Five and Six at Night, she going to her Mothers house, coming within five or six Pole of her door, the same Apparition appeared to her again in White, and veiled as before, and said Do you remember what I said? And she answered, Yes. And she further said In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, What art thou? And immediately it appeared in a very Glorious Shape, and with a more harsh Voice said, Tell King Charles from me, and bid Him not remove His Parliament, and stand to his Council; and said Do as I bid you. To which she answered, Yes, and so vanished.

III. That on Jan. the 26th. between the said hours of five and six in the Evening, she sitting by the fire, and her Mother sitting by her, the same Apparition came again to her, whereat she could not speak; and her Mother perceiving her to be troubled, and fixing her eyes, said, Daughter, Seest thou any thing? And she, not able to speak, Nodded with her Head and Hand; whereat her Mother said, Shall I go out? And thereupon she being enabled to speak, the Apparition Nodded to her, she said, Yes; whereat her Mother going out, the Apparition said Do your Message. And she answered, I will, so soon as God shall Enable me; And it said, Be not afraid, and so vanished: And then she cried, Mother, Mother; and then her Mother, and some other Friends, came in.

IV. The said Apparition appear'd to the said Maid on Thursday in the Evening, between the asor said hours of five and six. she being at a Neighbours House but said nothing to her.

This was taken from the Maids own mouth, by me Rich. Willifson, Schoolmaster in the said Town of Hatfield.

A True Relation of a strange Apparition which appear'd to the Lady Gr. Commanding her to deliver a Message to His Grace the D. of M.

After the Powerful Rhetorick of that Noble Peer of the Realm (the Earl of E. at his delivery of the Petition of 15 more as Noble Peers as Himself) had fail'd of its design'd Success; what could we hope for, or expect that would prevail upon His Majesty to alter his Resolution of Convening his Parliament at Oxford? Surely no Humane Person would be thought forcible enough, and an Heavenly must be employ'd

James Duke
of Marborough

Thomas Armes
Privy.

Earl of Shaftesbury
Earl of York.
Ed Gray

Brandon

Grav

Parley

play'd, if the Business cannot be done by the Earl of E. Accordingly we have heard of a True and Perfect Relation from Bishops Hatfield, (attested by one of His Majesties Chaplains in Ordinary, (Dr. Lst.) so Famous for his Constancy to the Church of England.) of a strange and wonderful Apparition which appear'd to one Young Mrs. Freeman: And her Message deliver'd to his Sacred Majesty is well enough known, not only by a single Printed Paper of the whole matter of Fact; But also, (that no Person should have Impudence to doubt the Truth of it,) by Ben. Harris himself in his Protestant Intelligence; There we are told how the Maiden of One and Thirty, sitting with her Child in her Lap by the Fire, saw an Appearance of a woman (as she conceiv'd) cover'd with a white Veil, so that she saw no Face, but a very white Hand was laid on the back of her Chair, and said unto her, &c. Which, though it be very wonderful, yet this Speech of the white Hand is equall'd (if not excell'd in strangeness,) by an Apparition which appear'd to the Lady Gr. (suppos'd to be the same that was seen at Hatfield,) Of which I shall give you a True and Perfect Relation, according to her own Deposition before Justice Warr. Sir W. W. Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Charlston, who stamp with his wooden Leg, and swore Damn upon, he believ'd it.

Her Ladyship gives an Account.

I. That on Saturday January 29. 1680. being alone in her Closet about the hour of Nine at night, she heard a Voice behind her, which mildly said Sweet Heart; At which she was not at first at all frightened, supposing it to have bin an Apparition which (she says) has often of late appear'd to her (in the absence of her Lord,) in the shape of a bright Star, and Blue Garter, but without Hurting, or so much as Frightning her; But she was strangely amaz'd, when turning about, she beheld an Appearance very different from what she expected; It was a Spirit all in White, so Veil'd from Top to Toe, that nothing appear'd to her but one side of a Cheek, where the Veil was put by; And this side of the Cheek said thus unto her: The 15th. day of may is appointed for the Royal Blood to be Poison'd; And further said, Be not afraid, for I am sent to tell thee, that James D. of M. hath none of it in him; Seeming by this addition to have fill'd in the Sentence, that it had left Imperfect to the Maid of Hatfield, and so vanish'd.

I. That on Sunday Jan. 30. between the Hours of 7 and 8, it again appear'd to her in the same manner; and said, Do You Remember what I said? And she answer'd, Yes. Then the Spirit said, Do You believe it? And she answer'd, Yes. Then the Apparition said, And have You told him? And she answer'd, No. Then immediately it appear'd in a more terrible shape, and with a more harsh Voice, said; Tell it James D. of M. from me, and bid him not go to Wapping; And then it vanished through the Key-hole.

III. That on Jan. 21. (being the day kept in Remembrance of the late Kings Martyrdom) about the hour of 3. in the Afternoon, it again appear'd, and askt her, Have You said to day? And she answer'd, No. The Spirit said, 'Tis well; and so vanish.

IV. That on Feb. 1. about the hour of 11. at night, it appear'd again, and said to her; Tell James D. of M. But she interrump'd the Spirit; and said, He is here, Don't You see him? Tell him your self? We are alone. The Spirit thought it Uncivil to be interrump'd, and took Pett, and vanish.

V. That on Feb. 2. about 2. of the Clock Afternoon, she heard the same Spirit, but suppos'd that its being affronted the last time, occasion'd its not appearing again; But it talkt invisibly to her a great while, making several Stops & Pauses; and then beginning again very incoherently: The words (it's said her Ladyship says) she writ down, which are these, (viz.) Bid James D. of M. go to the Tower, and venture the Lyons, old Charles won't now hurt him. Tell him he has discover'd the weakness of his Party in Petitioning with but 15. after him. He has more Followers I am sure, and as good Company attend him as Hedge-lane from a City club, or a Treat at Wapping. Bid all the Lords You know have a care of Petitioning, unless they are dispos'd Persons. Tell my Lord St. his wife keeps her Bed. Bid Sh. have a care of his Spigots, for if He is Tapt, all the Plot will run out. The Blazing-star will again appear the 21th. of March. Destruction is near, if Settlement does not come. And if we have not Peace, we shall be in danger of War. I am the Hatfield Spirit, and return to haunting the House of my Landlord the E. of Sal. This said, it vanish, and was never heard of more.

FINIS.

Tom Ross's Ghost to his Pupil the D. of M.

Shame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
Base as thy Mothers Prostituted Womb;
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave. }
Like SAMUEL at the Necromantick Call,
I rise to tell Thee, God has left thee, SAUL?
I strive in vain thy Infected Blood to cure,
Streams will run muddy where the Spring's Impure.
In all Your meritorious Life we see
Old TAAFFS invincible Sobriety.
Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:
From SIDNETS Blood Your Loyalty did spring;
You shew us all your Fathers but the KING,
From whose too tender and too bounteous arms,
(Unhappy He who such a Viper Warms;
As Dutiful a Subject, as a Son.)
To Your true Parents the whole Town you run.
Read if you can, how th'old Apostate fell,
Out-do his Pride, and Merit more than Hell:
Both He and You were gloriously bright,
The first and Purest of the Sons of Light:
But when like Him you offer'd in the Crown
Like Him, your angry Father kickt You down.

The Oxford Alderman's Speech to his Grace the D. of M. at his Entrance into that City about Sept. 1680:

'Twas Hanibal, before He came to Age,
Perpetual Wars with Rome was forc'd to wage!
YOU lead Us to such Wars; O Happy We!
Great Prince! YOU are a Soldier good as He:
Though some will say, (to give the Devil his due,)
HE was as good a Protestant as YOU.
YOU to that Whore of Whores, the Whore of Rome;
Devoted from Your own fair Mothers Womb;
Though in the Schools of Jesuits true bred,
YOU seem'd to learn of Them to Write or Read:
A Protestant! (the more to be Admir'd.)
That never were instructed, nor inspir'd,
So unconcern'd from Popery You pass,
No Use of Understanding is the Case.
True Interest, (that all other things o'repowers,)
And Generous Indignation made YOU Ours:
Even so in Spain to Mass came Trading Jews,
Cost Drabs turn Quakers but to fire the Stews.
But Fears and Jealousies of YOU We scorn,
That are so True a Son of Honour Born;
And since have made both God and Magog Bleed,
All but the Demagogue, that's in the Dead:
You'l Damn and Ram proud Antichrist to Hell;
But force Him first to work One Miracle.
He that with Four hard Words, and One Grave Nod,
Turns an Insipid Water into God;
Were YOU a Dough-bak'd Duke, with left ado,
To Prince of Wales might Transubstantiate YOU.
Do YOU but Say't, We'll Swear that You are so,
And rather Kiss Your Hand, than Kiss his Toe:
Resolv'd, Resolv'd, It must not be gain said;
Faith VVe'll Believe Your Number was a Maid.

VVhy should You think Ambition any Crime?
VVe'll make You Duke of Venice in good time:
Or, if YOU scruple to Usurp the Crown;
Having once Rais'd US, YOU may then sit down.
YOU, or Your Friends shall have the foremost Place;
Perhaps VVe'll joyn Sir something with Your Grace:
Whether YOU Reign, or HE, it's all One,
Great Alexander's Dear Hephæstion.

But

But When YOU come to Reap these Godly Fruits,
Sweet Sir, Remember These Our Humble Suits.

First, Let these Lordly Bishops go to Pot;
'Tis plain their Lordships all are in the PLOT;
They hold none lawful Heirs, but lawfully begot
Our Common-wealth's a Castle in the Air,
If We Pray for KING in Common-Prayer.
These Paltry Schollars, blast Them with a breath,
Or They'll Rhime Your Grace and Us to Death.
Then O Brave We! then Hail for our good Town!
Then up go WE when Wis and Sense go down.

*The GHOST of the Late PARLIAMENT,
to the New one to Meet at Oxford.*

From Deepest Dungeon of Eternal Night,
The Seas of Horror, Sorrow, Pains and Spight,
I have been sent to tell Your Tender Youth
A Seasonable and Important Truth!
I feel, (but Oh too late,) that no Disease,
Is like the Surfeit of Luxurious Este;
And of all other, the most Tempting Things,
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
None ever was Superlatively Ill,
But by Degrees, Industry and Skill:
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by Life, and Rebels by Despair.
My Time is past, and Yours will soon begin,
Keep your First Blossoms from the blast of Sin;
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous Ways,
Preserve Your selves, and bring Serener Days.
The Buisie subtle Serpens of the Law,
Did first my Mind from True Obedience draw;
While I did Limits to the KING prescribe,
And took for Oracles that Caning Tribe;
I chang'd True Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew scurrilous for variety.
All that oppos'd me was to be accus'd,
And, by the Law, the only Absurd.
The Robe was sumptuous, and in the Head,
In Legal Murder, none so deeply read,
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet Unclear'd) blood
Of the Brave Sir, who, when Three Kingdoms rung,
With his Accumulative Locks, Tongue,
Prisoners and Witnesses, were waiting by;
These had been taught to fear, and Those to fly,
And to expect their Arbitrary Fate,
Some for ill Faith, some for Good Estate.
To fright the People, and Alarm the Town,
Burnt and Ouz'd, I employ'd the Reverend Gown;
But while the Trifle, more bore the Blame,
The Kings Three Crowns, were all their Aim.
I found it, (and did but fear) to fear the Gown,
And took to make the Gown and the Gown,
Anti-monarchick, Meretricious, and
Immoral, Affecting, Rich, and Reprehensive.
But above all, I got a little Gown,
Who every Board of Vintners had try'd;
None knew so well the Old Perdition way,
To Raise Sinners, and make KING'S Obedience;
And my small, about a Burious Race,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty Eight.
This the KING knew, and was Resolv'd to hear;
But I mistook his Silence for his Fear,
All that this happy Island could afford,
Was Sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.
In His whole Paradise One only Tree
He had Excepted by a strict Decree;
A Sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear,
Yet it in Pieces I conspir'd to Tear;
Beware my Child! Divinity is there,
This so Our did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and He could do no more.
My tin precept and the repeating Breath
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death;
And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd,
To th' utter Darkness of the Lower World;
A Dreadful Place where You too soon shall see,
If You believe Schollars make chain Me.

*A Canto upon the Miraculous Cure of the Kings-
Evil, performed by His Grace the D. of M.*

A S Popish Fastners use r'employ,
In their own Trade the good St. Loy,
The Saint to whom they have Recourse,
As to Heavens Master of the Horse:
To Him They loudly cry for Mercy,
On Ragged Colts that have the Farcy;
For Hackneys Gal'd to Him They Pray,
And Drink dead Drunk upon his Day.
So to his Grace of Monm. Trois,
A Filly Fole that had the Bots;
For still she knew, (and 'twas no News,)
He keeps the Mares though not the Mews.
But had you seen the Skittish Jade,
You would have thought her Drunk or Mad;
For at first dash His Hand she Struck,
Much was the Ambitious Heroe pleas'd.
So sweetly did Don Quixot Grin;
When the Maid Marrian of the Inn,
He thought was some Enchanted Queen.
Ask'd his Dead-doing Hand to Kiss;
But what White Devil Danc'd in This?
Some Fly, some Rat, or Great Old Pus,
Or Spirit Mephistophilus;
Or Pug, that Paracelsus wore
In th' Pommel of his Sword before;
Or Healing Virtue that as Rare is,
Is sent His Grace by's Aunt of Fayries,
Who aids him thus in Huggar mugger,
So did Doll Common, Abel Dragger,
Some Sweet Devil in his Palm,
Transfuses Brine instead of Balm;
And Brine You know is good for th' Itch,
In any many Dog or Bitch:
Long in his Fist the Leprous Drak,
Paddles and Potes familiar Scab,
The witch der Dam had set her Fancy
Agog upon this chymracy;
To view each Line the Bag Importants,
And thus Taking Gipsie reads his Fortunes,
The men of Westminster shall pass,
High Votes in Honour of Your Grace;
No Prayers for fear of the Black Rod,
They'll Vote (I fear,) No King, No God.
Great Pickling there shall be for Two,
Pillory'd Benjamin and You.
What will You give me this next Spring,
If then You are not Crown'd a King
By Oats before we reap next Crop,
Oats in a Tub will Preach You up.
So still ended her vile Guesing,
And each to other gave their Blessing.
But O the Green-sick Girls may boast,
This Duke hath Cur'd Them to his Cost;
Though now he cuts his Capers high,
He may with Falstaff one day cry,
(When Age hath set him in the Stocks,)
A Fox in my Gown, a Goat of my Pox.
Yet that Fat Knight with all his Guts,
That were not then so Sweet as Nuts,
Tho oft He boldly fought and wink'd,
Led Harry Monmouth by Instinct;
Reveres a Buckram Prince of Wales,
His Great Heart grope, his Courage quails.
The Lyon Rampant is too wile,
To touch a Prince, though in Disguise;
Much lets a Prince to King and Civil,
To Touch a Kingdom for Kings-Evil.
He means to make it (for its Health,)
A Common Whore, a Common-wealth,
The Stroket Graitrix was a for,
And all his Feat-Tricks are forgors;
But Duke Trinculo, and Tom Doty,
Will be a Famous Quack in Story.
Let every Stabby City Cuckow,
Fly into Your Hedge-lane to look You,
If Seventh Seas do Things so Rare,
In You Scull-fathers have a Share.
Shew us some more of these fine Mocks,
Shew your Black Art, shew your Black Bore;
'Tis thought you've there some pure Receipt,
Great Mountbark of our sick State,
Your Zany, who this Cure reveals,
Tells us in March your Highness heals.

